

Good Morning 758

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Puffs and Puddings for Tel. Alec Page

BET you don't know what your dancing, and cherishes hopes of sister is kneeling on, Tel. one day realising her ambition. Alec Page! Your mother was still Alma also is being frustrated in recovering from her illness when making a start in the profession of we called at 42 Moray Road, her choice, because of the Essential Finsbury Park, so she was sitting Works Order, but maybe by the down in the garden, and Alma had time you get back again she will to stoop down to be on the same have well and truly embarked on level. For this, she chose to kneel her career.

Nothing strange about that, you may say. Uncomfortable, yes, but not queer, except that the box was full of raisins. They are for the big pudding that you will get when you come home to Finsbury Park, Alec.

And if you feel like it—perhaps after you have put in some back-bending in the garden—your mother will furnish you with some of those jam-puffs you favour.

Anyway, whether you give the lawn your attention or not, your mother and sisters will be very glad to give you a royal welcome home.

Hilda is now gratefully out of the W.A.A.F., and liking her own work much more by comparison. All the same, she still retains her yen for return.

She had left school shortly before we called, apparently in a blaze of glory, for she told us that she had won the high jump and also the hundred yards sprint—the last in spite of a sprained ankle!

She had not had her Higher Schools results when we called, but we hope that by this time you will be able to congratulate her.

Your R.A.F. pal George Clayton was home some time ago, and he paid a visit to your mother during his leave. He had just had a letter from you, and hopes you will continue to write.

And that request goes, too, for your mother, who, together with your sisters, sends you very best wishes from home for a good trip and a safe and as speedy as possible return.

Live in Glass House—and Throw Stones

GLASS for most people in Britain during the last six years has been window stuff that broke when a bomb dropped near. But when industry gets back to normal it will be making hundreds of things from shirts to machinery, from wicks to car bodies, from glass.

Indeed, they have so mastered the technique of glass that about the only thing you will not be able to do with it is eat it!

Glass can now be drawn out into a thread as fine and strong as natural fibres, with all the advantages of being fire, stain and water-proof. In this form it has been used in various ways during the war.

As "wool" it has become very valuable for heat and sound insulation. The boilers and other parts of our newest battleships are insulated with glass wool. It stands very high temperatures without deteriorating, and, of course, is non-inflammable.

This glass wool will find wide applications when the industry can concentrate on peace-time needs. Many of the floors of the new blocks of flats will be filled with glass wool to prevent the sound of footsteps being transmitted to the floor below.

The wool will be used to insulate domestic hot-water tanks and thus conserve heat. It will be used to cover exposed pipes and thus prevent bursts from frost.

HOLDS THE NAVY.

The Royal Navy has also been using glass for making ropes. When the Navy's greatest battleship, the "Princess Elizabeth," was launched, the ropes that brought her huge bulk to a stop in the water were made of glass fibres, twisted until the cable had a strength eight times that of steel.

If glass ropes stand up to the practical tests now being given them aboard many warships, they can be considered fit for anything, as strong as steel hawsers, but lighter; as strong as rope, but longer wearing and non-inflammable.

These same spun glass fibres can be woven into fabrics almost as soft as silk. Curiously enough, this glass cloth is not cold to the body, as might be expected, but warm.

This is because glass is a first-class heat insulator, and, with the little bits of air trapped in the "holes" of the fabric, makes a perfect insulated cover that prevents the body heat being radiated.

Glass cloth has not appeared generally on the market, but some years ago the bride of a famous glass technologist was married in Edinburgh in a wedding dress of glass, wearing glass shoes, and carrying a handbag of glass.

The widest application of glass cloth is likely to be found in furnishings rather than clothing, where wool and cotton already fill the bill. The advantage for furnishings of such things as cinema and train seats will be hard wearing and easy cleaning. Because the fibres do not absorb moisture, wiping with a wet cloth will be sufficient to "wash" them.

BURNS FOR EVER.

One of the strangest uses of woven glass is likely to be for wicks, especially for petrol lighters. A glass wick will last virtually "for ever," certainly as long as the lighter, without trimming.

An experimental glass wick has been burning in a railway oil lamp now for several years continuously and has not required trimming.

Another strange form of glass is as "foam." The glass is cellulated by the evolution

of internal gas at a high temperature and as many as five million air bubbles are trapped in a cubic inch of foam.

This foam is not only impervious to moisture and acids, but is easily cut or sawn to shape.

It weighs about one-fifteenth as much as ordinary glass, and has been used for various types of rafts on ships. In the post-war world it will probably be used for life-boats and for the insulation of furnaces and refrigerators.

Many women are likely to wear the glass slippers which made Cinderella famous. Tough glass for the soles and heels and flexible glass for the uppers has been perfected.

"Glass houses" for many people has meant greenhouses. In the future, glass houses of quite a different type may be much more common. Probably few houses will be built entirely of the hollow glass bricks that have been invented, but many may use a certain number for decoration.

The bricks are virtually unbreakable, and interesting architectural effects can be obtained by the use of glass bricks with fluted or prismatic surfaces.

The technique of glass manufacture and treatment has now proceeded to the point where transparent parts of immense strength can be made. In the future we shall probably see certain parts of machinery made of glass, either because of the long-wearing properties of the glass, or because its transparency makes inspection of vital portions of a machine easy.

Various forms of toughened glass produced by great compression are used for goggles, "splinterproof" windows for vehicles and similar purposes. Bullet-proof glass has been

used in tanks, but for ordinary transport purposes a glass that may break but certainly will not splinter is more important.

This can now be produced with an ease which suggests the car of the not-so-distant future will have an all-glass top, giving the driver completely unobstructed visibility.

Another probability of the near future is the electric iron with a glass "shoe." The glass will be largely of quartz, able to withstand the highest temperature, yet never smudging the clothes.

PLANE GLASS.

At one time it seemed that transparent plastics might drive glass out of business. Now, it is apparent, there are plenty of tasks for both "real" glass and "plastic" glass. And there are many tasks they can serve together. For instance, "glass-reinforced plastic" is fifty per cent. stronger than metal and eighty per cent. stronger than wood of the same weight. In the U.S.A. a training plane has been made largely of this combination, and



"A machine to counter any post-war unemployment, sir. Does the work of one man and takes 200 of 'em to operate it!"

glass planes may become common in the future.

"Glass" is a term that covers a wide range, and scientists are continually finding new types of glass. One of the most useful during the war has been a glass containing oxides of rare metals instead of silica. This glass has unique optical qualities, and has greatly improved the performance of British range-finders, binoculars, and so on. In the post-war world it will probably find many applications in lenses for cameras, telescopes, etc., of the highest quality.

Peter Leighton



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is:
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London,
S.W.I.

No Sweat

SOUTHAMPTON'S air raid surface shelters are being literally "bumped off."

A firm of contractors engaged to demolish them hit upon a novel way of speeding up the work. They found that by attaching a steel ball, weighing a ton, to the cable of a travelling crane and letting it swing into the walls of the shelters, the structures could be brought down much quicker than they could be demolished by pneumatic drills or picks.

Two-foot-thick walls quickly crumble under the bombardment of the steel ball, which is drawn towards the cabin of the crane by another hawser and suddenly released.

"It's easy to knock 'em down when you've got room to manoeuvre," the crane driver told a "Good Morning" representative, who watched a shelter being "bumped off." "It saves a lot of sweat, too," he added with a grin.

Mind Your Own Business but first try this questionnaire

IT has been estimated that, when peace comes, great numbers of people will (thanks to the National Savings Movement) be in possession of several hundred pounds. Many of them will, of course, want to use this capital to start their own businesses.

If you are contemplating such a move, you must be weighing up your chances of success. This questionnaire will be a guide as to whether you are temperamentally suited to take the risk.

SECTION A.

- 1.—Do you agree that "adventures are to the adventurous"?
- 2.—Are you over 25 years of age?
- 3.—Is it part of your philosophy that man was born to struggle?
- 4.—When a man appears to make a success over night, is it your opinion that, as a general rule, a long period of unspectacular work has preceded it?
- 5.—Do you believe that "nothing venture, nothing have"?
- 6.—Are you interested in one particular business or profession?
- 7.—Have you examined, in some detail, the possibilities of it?
- 8.—Have you any previous knowledge or experience of it?
- 9.—Do you think that to make a success in any particular business or profession, it might be necessary to sacrifice every other interest?
- 10.—Are you prepared to take risks?

- 11.—Before taking any important action, do you carefully weigh up the pros and cons of the situation?
- 12.—Have you plenty of patience?
- 13.—Have you enough capital behind you to run at a loss for a year?
- 14.—Are you tactful?
- 15.—Do you view with dismay the thought of working for someone else?
- 16.—Do you like making new gadgets for your home and yourself?
- 17.—Can you make up your mind quickly?

SECTION B.

- 18.—Do you find responsibility irksome?
- 19.—If in your new business or profession, the first actions you took proved to be unsuccessful, would you turn to some other method of earning a living?
- 20.—Would you say that you were rather extravagant?

HOW TO SCORE.

In Section A, every time you have answered "Yes" to a question, count 2 marks. In Section B, every time you have answered "No," count 2 marks. 20—30 Marks.—You have a character which is admirably suited to running your own business. You should make a great success. 14—20 Marks.—You will make a success if you learn by your mistakes. But you will have to persevere. Under 14 Marks.—You would be much better in a job, working for other people. V. G. WATSON.

Uniforms Make His Mouth Water

THE fact that George is a chimpanzee might account for his intelligent cunning. During the war years he has had time to discover that whereas he does quite nicely still from parents and their children in the way of tidbits handed through the cage, not much is forthcoming from people in uniform.

So when he sees the front row of onlookers are in uniform, forming a barrier between himself and the tasty morsels held out by visitors

born at the Zoo. She, however, treats him with complete indifference. She sits in a corner, as far away from him as possible, and turns a deaf ear and a blind eye to any sign of friendliness or affection which George may offer.

This becomes more than he can stand at times, and it is then that Jacqueline gets the same treatment as the men in uniform. He just fills his mouth with water and squirts it over her.

P. L.

He therefore lets forth a noise which sounds uncommonly like a war cry, then goes to his water trough, fills his mouth, and rushes back to the bars to squirt the water over the soldiers.

This seems to be his favourite way of showing his disapproval. It is not only the soldiers who are apt to get a shower bath.

George's destined wife is Jacqueline, the chimp that was

FIRE, WATER AND CALDOTA

HAD it not been for the error has sent for her. Have you of a nigger porter Samuel ever heard of him? If you live Perse would probably never have long enough you will. He brought arrived in the independent republic of Honduras. Perhaps the dark eyes of Alita Caldota had a share in the original mistake. Maybe the truth is that the nigger porter and the dark eyes of Alita were just incidentals in the casting of the dice by Fate.

Samuel Perse had come to the Indies because he had been told by a commercial correspondence school that there were Openings there for business. He believed what he hoped, and, having collected his savings from the Post Office, booked a passage for Honduras via Jamaica. Samuel was in the grocery business.

When he arrived at the town of Kingston he understood what the school had meant by saying that all the islands were well populated. He could hardly walk up the main street for people, most of whom were black, and the agent on whom he called to arrange for the dispatch of his stock to Honduras informed him that there were forty niggers for every white resident in Jamaica, and all the coloured people lived by eating fresh fruit, which made the canned stuff difficult to sell.

While the agent was extolling the possibilities of the mainland Alita Caldota passed down the street and bowed to the agent. She was with her mother and they were going down to the harbour. "Who is she?" asked Samuel, gazing after the girl, the like of whom he had never seen in his life. "That is the most beautiful girl in Jamaica, and she is leaving us to-day after spending three years at a college up the hill," said the agent. "Her father

Alita and her mother urging their porter to hurry.

Samuel's porter, following Samuel's eyes, grinned at the scene in his quiet way and Alita turned at the noise. Her dark eyes rested on Samuel. His heart missed a beat.

"This man will make us lose the Honduras steamer," she sighed. "They never hustle for women travellers—"

3 day romance of a Camberwell grocer in search of a fortune

Samuel did not hear any more, for he had made up his mind that this wonderful girl was a Spanish donna del something or other, standing that he could hire a and to hear her speak English with an accent that was slightly better than his own was as surprising as it was welcome.

He made the best bow he could and said something to his porter on the disappearing island of that made that individual drop Jamaica. She greeted him with his case with a thud and apply himself to the luggage belonging arms on the rail beside her and pretended he was perfectly at ease.

"Why, boss," said the porter after he had inspected the labels, "yo done go to Honduras yo'self. I take de baggage in one truck. Ah see yo an' de dames on de boat deck."

The tender was screaming its signal for the passengers to get aboard, and Samuel and Alita walked side by side down the gang-plank, her mother following in the rear. The nigger porter was waiting for him sure enough on the deck of the steamer and informed Samuel that he had "fixed" the luggage all right.

It was not until the ship was several hours out from Kingston that Samuel discovered he was bound for the wrong Honduras.

His destination was really British Honduras, the port of which is Belize.

The steamer on which Samuel, not caring to say that he was afloat was making for Trujillo, the republican port, which is several hundred miles south on the other side of the Gulf.

It was the purser who noted the mistake when he visited the various cabins to see that every body was satisfied. The purser spoke very little English and a great deal of Spanish. Samuel Perse spoke very little Spanish said thoughtfully. "What do they (from another correspondence school) and all the English of eat? What do they trade?"

She laughed at his earnestness. "They do as little as possible," she smiled. "But they must eat!" "They do not eat the things we eat in Jamaica. Why, the farmers do not even make butter from the milk of the cattle! They do not till the ground as

and my mother came up to bring me back home. But in the republic, at Anapala, where my home is, things are not so quiet. Is it gold that has brought you to the republic?"

"In a way, yes," admitted Samuel, not caring to say that he had boarded the wrong boat.

"There are always gold rushes in the forest," she sighed. "There has not been one, I hear, since I was a child."

"Tell me about Anapala," he said. "What do they trade?" "What do they trade?" "What do they trade?"

"Supposing a man came to Anapala and started a store which sold things—you know, the delicacies we see in the big towns—"

"All these would be nice, but perhaps you do not know who my father is. It is jungle competition down there at Anapala, and strangers face three obstacles—"

"Oh, better," she cried. "But my father objects to anyone trading—"

"So I heard, but he cannot stop trade, surely?"

they ought. They never see canned meat or preserved fruit or many of the nice things of Jamaica and the big towns. Mainly that is because it is difficult to get the goods up the river; but my father has a boat which brings provisions from Trujillo.

"He is mayor of Anapala, and he keeps the only store when he is not going up the valleys after gold."

"And if good, eatable things were brought up to Anapala a man might make a fine business—as good as in Belize?" urged Samuel.

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(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 757

1. What does the Monument in the City of London commemorate? Bank Holidays?
2. What are the Scottish Bank Holidays?
3. How many legs has a full-sized billiard table?
4. What name is given to a collector of cigarette cards?
5. Who was the "Widow of Windsor," and who called her so?

1. Mansion House.
2. Four.
3. The slates overlap so that there are always three thicknesses.
4. Philatelist.
5. No, because the expression "B.C." could not have been invented till Christ had lived.
6. Scotch Pine is a softwood; others are hardwoods.

People are Queer

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Mr. Harry William Kemp, of Balham Hill, London, took a holiday. He hasn't had one since. And he doesn't want one.

For the past forty-five years, Mr. Kemp, now 66 years old, has been serving customers at his tobacconist's shop in Blackfriars, and liking it. He likes it so much that if anyone suggests he might take a day or two off, he shudders. And if you mention a week at sea, he turns pale.

Day in, day out, with the exception of Saturday afternoons and Sundays, he happily passes packets of cigarettes over the counter and chats with customers who have found him there in his shop ever since they started to smoke.

Mr. Kemp admits that he would feel lost if he found himself away from the shop on a week-day. "If a man works six days a week and uses the seventh day properly, that is all he requires," he says.

But then, Mr. Kemp is a bachelor.

MRS. EDITH MARSDEN, of Midway, Sutton, Surrey, passes shopping queues with a smile. They don't mean a thing to her. When she got her brand new ration book at the start of the war she stuck it away in a cupboard. And there it is still.

She is a vegetarian, like others, and lives on substitute foods, and claims she enjoys an abundant diet.

But one thing annoyed her. As she hadn't had a new ration book since 1939 her name was overlooked when they prepared the voter's list for the recent election.

ACCORDING to the judge, first woman burglar to work on her own, Gladys Couture, of Heath Road, Caterham, Surrey, broke into other people's houses at night because she "could not sleep at night and wanted some excitement."

Unfortunately, most householders don't appreciate this way of getting a thrill, and it annoyed the police.

Gladys married at 16 years old, used a bayonet for prising open windows. Her novel insomnia cure only lasted a fortnight.

BELIEVED to have been the oldest serving airman in the R.A.F., Wing Commander Lionel Cohen, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., aged 70, was restored to civvy life.

He started fighting the nation's enemies fifty-two years ago, in the Matabele War. He's been in every British war since, and went on seventy operational flights with the R.A.F., including the strafing of the "Scharnhorst" and "Gneissau" in Brest Harbour, and an attack on the German pocket-battleship Lutzow in the North Sea.

D.N.K.B.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words

1. Behead to yawn and get an animal.
2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: Gocessellieapicotsandconflou.
3. What three measures of length can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He is a very musician, but he will with his fingers when he is not playing.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 695

1. T-hat.
2. Bakers bake buns, bread and biscuits.
3. LEAVE.
4. Fries, fires.

Fire, Water and Caldota

(Continued from Page 2)

"He can stop anything, senior. There was a gold digger who came to ask my father for me in marriage just before I came to Jamaica. To test him my father flooded his diggings. That was the water obstacle."

"And what happened?"

"The prospector went away. Perhaps he thought I was not worth the work of pumping the water out of his claim."

"But did you care for him?" asked Samuel hoarsely.

"Care? How could one care for a man with the heart of a chicken? No, indeed. Yet Anapala is beautiful and the right man might get all that is desirable. My father is not so bad as it is said."

Samuel Perse was silent for a while, his eyes fixed on the white wake of the ship. Jamaica was fading far behind, and the sea

was streaked with the glory of a flaming sunset.

"I could not hunt for gold in the jungle," he said, "for I have no implements and do not know the tricks. But I am a trader, a storekeeper. Folks must eat wherever they are. Nothing is as necessary as food. The correspondence school said so and it is true. If I thought there was a chance!"

"There is always a chance for a man who is not like the gold prospector," she said softly.

He turned and faced her, but she turned her head away quickly, but not too quickly to notice that a seriousness had crept into his pale face.

"I am going to Anapala," he announced.

"For gold?"

"Yes, and for all that is desirable, even if I have to out-trade your father—"

"One who carries a cash register

Not until the ship was being tied up did Alita and her mother appear on deck, followed by two stewards with their goods. A tall man whose face was shaded under a wide sombrero, stepped from the crowd on the landing stage and began to signal them until Alita caught sight of him and waved her handkerchief in reply. As she waved she caught sight of Samuel Perse standing a little way off, observing the scene.

"That is my father," she explained. "Shall I ask him to keep a place on his boat for you? He has come to meet us and take us up with his goods—"

"Not yet," replied Samuel grimly. "I have to stay in this town a day or two. When I come to Anapala I shall meet him." "Then you are coming?"

He nodded and held out his hand. "You will know when I come," he said, "and your father will know also."

Solution to Puzzle in No. 757.

1. a p P l e
2. a r R o w
3. s p O c n
4. f i V e r
5. s p E e d
6. m a R e s
7. c a B l e

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



How the World Wags

THERE was a man in Washington who got his information, right from the inside, that soap was going to be rationed, and he lost no time in using his knowledge. He bought enough of it to half-fill his cellar. He wasn't going to be caught with only a couple of bars of soap to last for the duration.

Soon afterwards, Washington had one of its worst thunderstorms; which would have been all right, except that the maid had left the cellar window open.

When the flood subsided he inspected his hoard, and found he possessed—not one honest-to-goodness bar of soap. Just a sticky mess of soap and paper several feet wide.

But his troubles weren't over then. While he was trying to hack off a few lumps for use, his wife came down to tell him that the radio had just given out that soap was not to be rationed—official.

LONDON had its first dive-bombing raid of the peace recently, but by nothing more devastating than hundreds of starlings.

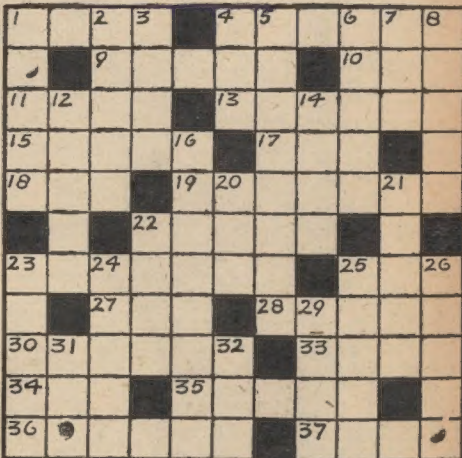
At Notting Hill Gate pedestrians had to duck as they swooped along the road, narrowly missing cars and buses.

However, they undoubtedly prefer this freedom to the misfortune that often befalls them. They spend quite a lot of time in and out of chimneys, but occasionally get stuck.

P. L.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

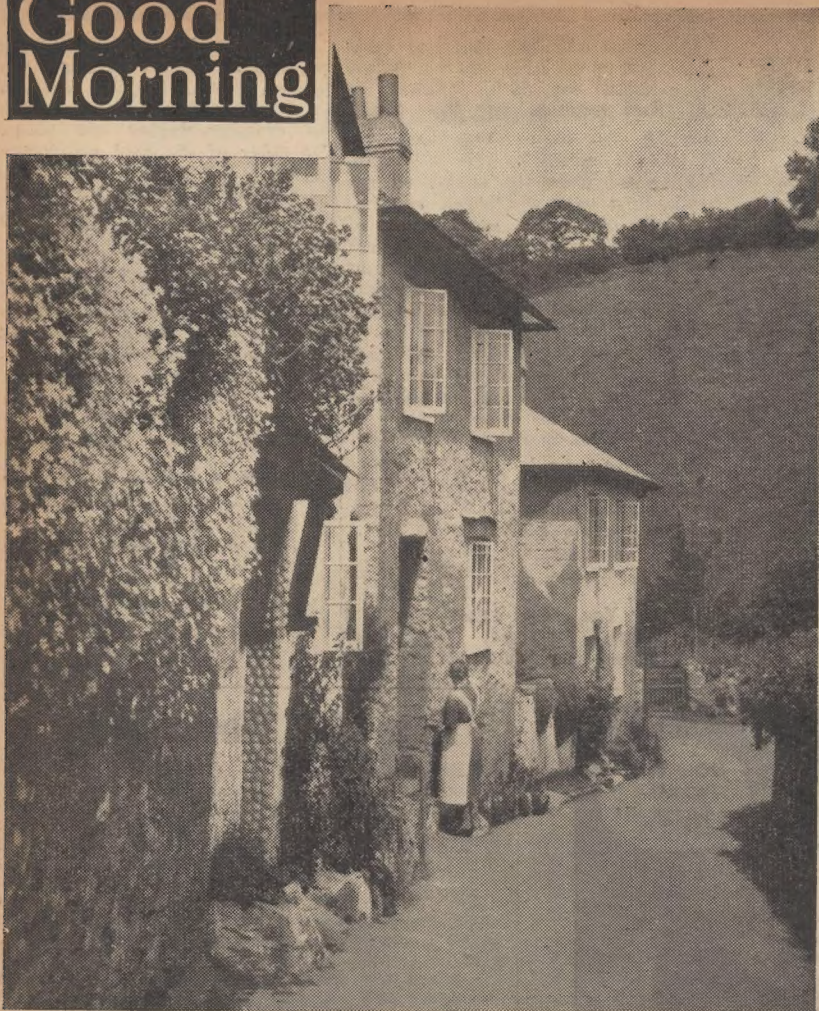
YAP ACHIEVE
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SEA NATURAL
H THEMES D
METES LUPUS
AREA RACK
KURDS VESTA
D ENTERS T
DISDAIN APE
ATE PLUNGER
DETESTS ENS



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Skim along. 4 Dull. 9 Sage. 10 Cold. 11 Resound. 13 Store up. 15 Watchful. 17 Soft murmur. 18 To get. 19 Raises. 22 Prunes. 23 Endure. 25 Seed. 27 Occur. 28 Foster. 30 Nobles. 33 Of mixed colours. 34 Go back. 35 Surrey town. 36 Green. 37 Boy's name.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Bundle reaped. 2 Door-keeper. 3 Barrier. 4 Follow close. 5 Inertness. 6 Lesser. 7 Good service. 8 Old instruments. 12 Jester. 14 Disorder. 16 With towers. 20 Sort of dog. 21 Row. 22 Cryptogram. 23 Sore. 24 Smears. 25 Chief. 26 Treadle. 29 On. 31 Decoration. 32 Health resort.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND.—A row of stone cottages, half as old as time, over which the flaming stonecrop sprawls. A steep shoulder of hill that shelters the cottagers from the wet west wind and traps the hot sunshine that flows unchecked through the parlour windows. A little corner of Heaven, now at peace once more.



DON'T BRING YOUR BLINKING BASSOON.
Somebody's asked the bandsman out to tea, and foolishly failed to add the necessary note to the invitation. If they had been firm and said straight out that they wouldn't have the thing in the room, everything would have been all right—except that we wouldn't have got a picture!



OUR BREATH COMES IN SHORT PANTIES.
How the thorn bush got into the room in the first place escapes us. And being there, how Anne Crawford managed to get herself so charmingly hooked up, escapes us again. Now we fear that Anne Crawford is going to turn out to be the third thing that escaped us to-day.



TWO OF NATURE'S CHILDREN.

Is there any more beautiful sight than a mother with her babe. This lovely picture expresses the joy of motherhood, of all eternal things, of the things we have been fighting for, better than any other picture we have seen for a very long time.



SWAN SONG.

We always had heard that it was the cat who was killed by inquisitiveness. Seems we were wrong yet again. Looks here as though swans like to know what's going on as well. Speaking for ourselves, we can't blame 'em. This particular tippy canoe makes our mind wander too.